

FRED WALLACE RELATES ANECDOTE FOR SALESMEN

A Little Fable of the Industrious Pup and the Meatless Bone.

"The other morning," said Fred Wallace, of the Wallace Buggy company, "a carpenter was doing some work in my garage. He had to do a good deal of fitting and he had the plane freely. The floor about him was covered with shavings."

"I was just about to go when Tommy, a bull dog, belonging to a neighbor, came along to see what was going on. He stood in the doorway for a minute and then entered. He sniffed among the shavings and then began to play with them. He tossed them in the air; he dug into them and shavings flew high. He grabbed a mouthful and ran around in a circle, then out into the yard, then back to go through the whole show again."

"He dashed out of my garage and returned with a bone. He buried it in those shavings and then kidded himself that he had lost it. He scratched all around and then finally surprised himself by finding it. Tommy used a great amount of time and energy—hunting for a dry bone among the shavings."

"And he reminded me of a salesman I once knew," continued Mr. Wallace with a smile. "This salesman chased among his customers like Tommy did among those shavings. He hustled into a town and hustled out. His idea was to catch trains and get into a place and chase around and get another train to another place and chase around some more. He worked hard—so did Tommy—and he accomplished about as much. He returns from a trip all tired out and tells about the number of calls he has made; of the number of people he talked to; of the good, live prospects he stirred up. But he was only kicking up the shavings."

"Tommy, the crazy pup, isn't ambitious. He hasn't any responsibilities. He can afford to chase around among those shavings until he is all tired out—and then hunt a warm spot in which to go to sleep. But we—and especially those of us who are on the firing line—have got to fight time. When we kick up shavings it must be because we're hunting a bone with real meat on it. When our shavings fly it must be because we're going through them to accomplish a given end—whether that end be selling Reo or Grays, or building an automobile or what not, isn't really of much consequence."

MOTOR TRUCKS EQUAL RAILROAD SCHEDULE

Remarkable Winter Performance of Gasoline Freighters in Relief of Congestion.

Motor trucks negotiating 1,480 miles in six and a half days is the remarkable record reported by Mr. Zbinden, of the Citizens Auto company.

Interested in motor trucks himself, Mr. Zbinden explained the possibilities of the commercial motor truck to a News reporter this morning. "At present an Overland truck company is maintaining a through truck service between Boston and Akron, O. Eight trucks now run on regular schedule and have been operated even through deep winter snows."

"These overland trips serve a dual purpose," says Mr. Zbinden, "although the principal reason is to test out motor trucks. The carrying of freight serves the practical purpose of relieving railroad congestion and gives test to the tires and trucks under the same conditions to be met in actual service. At first the truck manufacturers were skeptical as to the possibility of the project, but finally started a truck on the first leg of the journey from Akron early in April of last year. The trip took seventeen days. Today the same truck and others of the fleet make the identical run in four days, and in several instances a complete round trip of 1,480 miles has been made in six and a half days."

"On the record run in December, 1917, the roads were deep with snow all along the route and the thermometer registered 13 below zero for a considerable portion of the run."

"The trucks are now running on a 24-hour per day schedule, with two drivers, one of whom sleeps while the other drives. The sleeping compartment runs crosswise of the truck, directly back of the driver's seat, and in winter both the closed-in cab and the sleeping quarters are heated. Full loads are carried both ways."

TWELVE BUICKS JAMMED TIGHT IN COAL GONDOLA

Can't Unload at Louisville or Nashville—Hardwick Buick Company Turns Trick.

Loaded with twelve Buicks, a coal gondola traveled south from Flint, Mich., hunting for someone who could unload them.

The Buicks were billed to the Louisville Buick company, but nothing in Louisville could get the motors out of the coal car. They went on to Nashville, and nobody there turned the trick. The cars apparently were headed for the south pole, when the Hardwick Buick company, of this city, came forward with a little invention all their own and fished every Buick out of that gondola en passant.

The device is a frame of steel tubing

that fits under an automobile and allows it to be lifted by a derrick.

"We could fish Buicks out of a well," stated Eugene R. Howard, one of the Hardwick managers, enthusiastically.

"How came the cars shipped in a gondola?" inquired the reporter.

"Very unusual," admitted Mr. Howard. "It was caused by the railroads' shortage of rolling stock. But shippers are glad to get anything that will roll these days. Anyway, we don't object. The situation gave us a dozen extra cars, and when it comes to cars we are like Oliver Twist, you know: We need more."

When asked who had invented this remarkable auto-lifter, Mr. Howard exhibited a delicate reticence. "Well, I had a good deal of help," he admitted, "but I saw something had to be done and I—that is, the company—did it."

Curious to discover the man who had made such an able lieutenant to Mr. Howard, the reporter interviewed George C. Bradford on the frame.

"To tell the truth," said Mr. Bradford, modestly, "I don't want to claim to be the inventor of the frame. After I gave Hardwick and Howard the idea they caught right onto it, and I didn't have to bother with details. I don't really consider details an inventor's job, do you?"

The interviewer told him he did not, and proceeded to Miss Damewood, the Hardwick stenographer, because any man can get the truth out of a woman, especially if he is a good guesser.

"This is how it happened," said Miss Damewood. "The boys came to me and said there were twelve Buicks at the depot for us if we could unload them."

"Wait a minute, boys, until I think this over." Well, right then the idea of the frame flashed into my mind, just like that. Here Miss Damewood napped her fingers. "When I told it to them they worked out the details. Men say women are not mechanical. Well, I say we are, and the reason we are is because the men make us mechanical."

"There is so little real warm human affection in this world, I believe even babies will grow mechanical. I look forward to the day when I won't have to think out plans for fishing out Buicks."

Here the reporter backed away, and as he passed out of the store he saw an old colored janitor sweeping out. The News man paused.

"Uncle," he said, "tell me straight, who was the man who invented the Buick unloading frame?"

"The old serviceer straightened rustily. 'Boss,' said he, 'dat pussionage now stands befo' you.'"

"Thank God," sighed the reporter. "Discovered at last."

ERNEST W. FORSTNER GOES TO AVIATION CORPS

Ernest W. Forstner, son of Charles Forstner, proprietor of the Chattanooga Automobile company, will leave Chattanooga for Cambridge, Mass., Monday, where he will join the aviation corps.

For some time Ernest has been general sales manager of the Chattanooga Automobile company, and he is enlisting in aviation on account of his knowledge of gas engines. He will not be a birdman, but will be a commissioned officer, having control of a number of workmen. In brief, Mr. Forstner will belong to the "dodos" or "penguins" section of aviation—that is to say, the non-fliers.

New Garage on Cherry Street.

The Hardwick-Buick company has just opened a new shop with an entrance on Cherry street. Thus they will be able to close their Market street entrance to their garage and make it a decorative entrance for persons.

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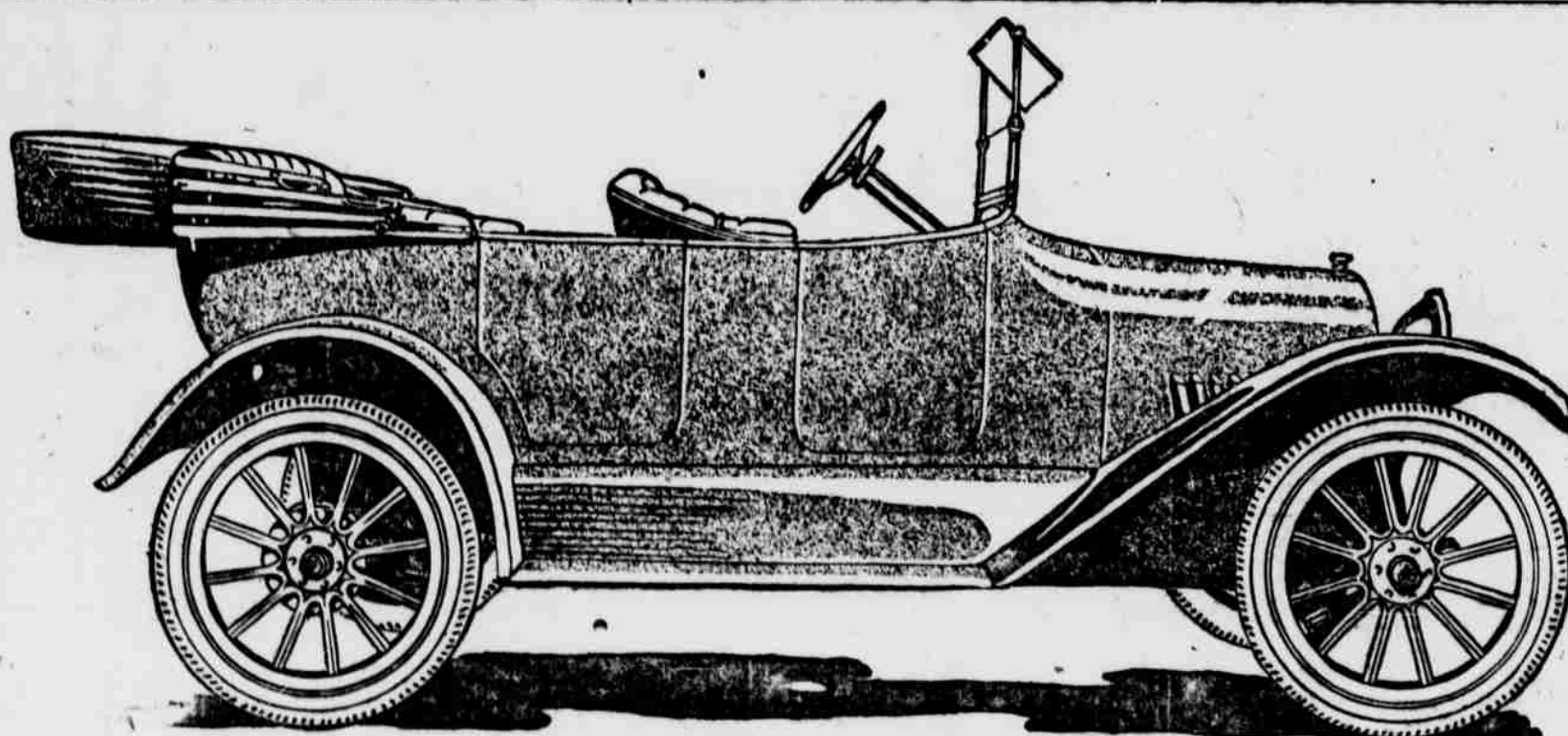
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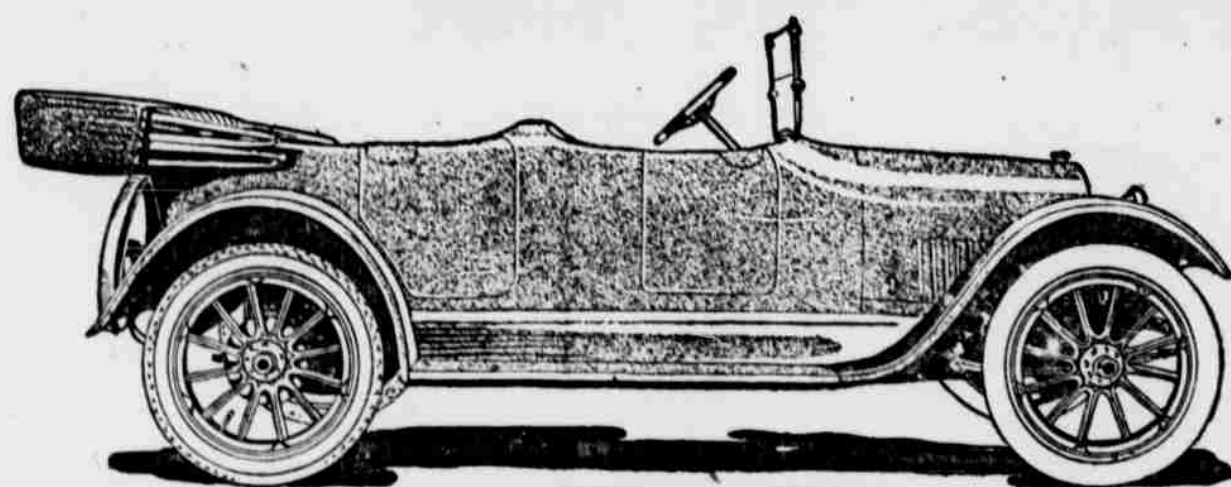
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